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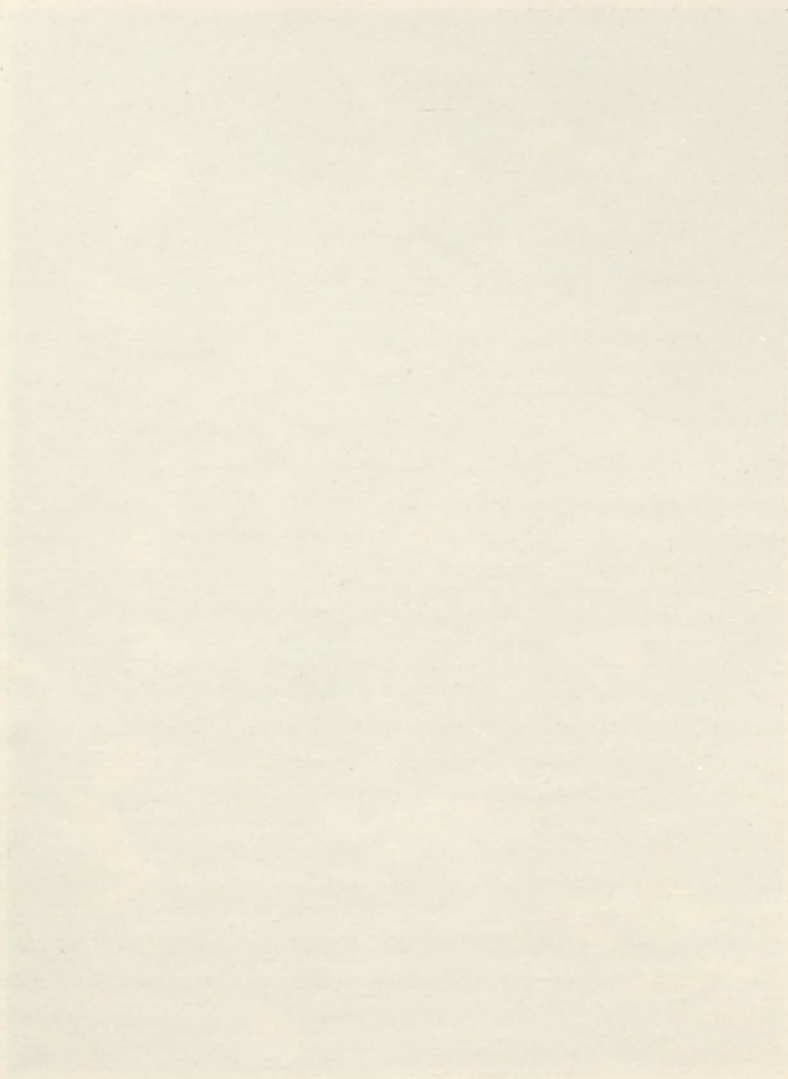
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Howard G. Philbrook.

# THE ACADEMY HERALD.

Vol. IV.

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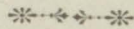
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# THE ACADEMY HERALD.

VOL. VI.

BETHEL, MAINE, FEBRUARY, 1902.

NO. 2.

## Compensation.

There is never a lesson so hard to learn,  
But the truth that therein, hidden lies,  
When once we have mastered and made it our own,  
Serves as wings, whereon upward we rise.

There is never a winter so drear and so chill,  
But the flowers that are hid 'neath the mold  
Are gathering sweetness and beauty the while  
To repay us for darkness and cold.

There is never a sorrow that crushes the heart,  
But the pitying Saviour is near,  
Whispering tenderly comfort and peace,  
If we only will listen and hear.

—H. M. S.

## The Land of Evangeline.

IN preparing something that would be of interest to the students of Gould's Academy, I have chosen a theme that will be especially directed to those English students who recently read in class the story of Evangeline.

A few days ago, as I was sitting in one of the large halls of Boston, with the glamour of the lights before me, and the noise of the city outside, I was forgetful of it all, and my thoughts were recalling the English classroom in Gould's Academy. Each individual face of that class was before me, and I could almost hear once more the varied descriptions of Evangeline or Gabriel.

I wish you all might have journeyed with me by the aid of eloquence and a stereopticon to the Land of Evangeline as it appears to-day.

This Tale of Acadie is of peculiar interest to Maine students, for some of the exiled peasants went to the north of Maine, where they settled, and their descendants still tell

the story of their exile, which adds a tangible charm to the poem of Evangeline.

In this poem Longfellow has given to the world the unexpected from an American—a pure love poem. From the Italian or the French we might expect such a theme, but for a thorough American to handle such a story seems quite incredible to foreigners, for they can hardly imagine us as a people of gallantry and love.

Again, this poem is not only considered one of Longfellow's best creations, but is ranked as one of the finest love poems of the century.

It is always pleasant for us as students to feel that those characters in song and story, which, through study, we have learned to admire and love, are receiving the same admiration across the misty Atlantic.

The forest primeval, with its murmuring pines and hemlocks, and the deep-voiced neighboring ocean still speak of a race that once lived in the peaceful village of Grand-Pre.

You will remember Grand Pre as a beautiful village with narrow, picturesque paths, which hardly attained the dignity of streets, and the low-thatched cottages nestled in among the hills. Around Grand-Pre stretch the broad meadow lands, still showing traces of cultivation and fruitfulness. This picture of the village, with all its accent of freedom in architecture and plan, suggests many lines in the poem.

"There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
    brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on  
    the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in  
    kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs, spinning the  
    golden



Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
 within doors,  
 Mingled their sounds with the whir of the wheels and  
 the songs of the maidens.  
 Solemnly down the village street came the parish  
 priest, and the children  
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to  
 bless them.  
 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose ma-  
 trons and maidens,  
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate  
 welcome.  
 Then came the laborers home from the field, and se-  
 renely the sun sank  
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from  
 the belfry,  
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the  
 village  
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
 ascending,  
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace  
 and contentment."

One of the first pictures we have of Evan-  
 geline, both in art and story, is on Sunday  
 morning, when, wearing her Norman cap and  
 her kirtle of blue, she walks home after con-  
 fession with God's benediction upon her. It  
 is then the poet says,

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of  
 exquisite music."

I could believe it, as I saw the charm of the  
 peasant life in which she lived.

The ruins of the church in which she wor-  
 shipped still stand, their empty bell turrets  
 being a silent reminder of that devotion  
 which has shone in beautiful simplicity  
 throughout the poem.

The home of Benedict Bellefontaine with  
 its rafters of oak and its rudely carved porch,  
 overgrown with sycamore and woodbine, was  
 built apart from the village on a hill com-  
 manding the sea:

"Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well  
 with moss-grown  
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for  
 the horses."

There is found to-day a place, which for  
 situation answers this description and is call-  
 ed the home of Evangeline. The foundations  
 of the house are still well preserved, and the

well is in good condition, being known as  
 Evangeline's well. Near this site stand mas-  
 sive willow trees, the guardians of the spot.

This bit of Acadian scenery, with its ram-  
 bling fences, willow trees, and ruins, was so  
 suggestive, that it seemed as if it was for a  
 moment deserted only to be transformed the  
 next moment into a gay village, with the  
 bright caps and kirtles of the maidens and  
 the merry strains of Michael the fiddler.

One bit of a deserted road seemed to speak  
 volumes of sorrow and sympathy, for it was  
 the same road over which the broad-wheeled  
 wains were drawn, filled with household  
 goods; along which the children trudged,  
 clinging to some beloved toy; and down  
 which the haughty soldiers marched, hurrying  
 the men to the boats beyond.

The neighboring ocean was at length seen,  
 and there, stretching broad and far, was the  
 beach, with its sands glistening in the sun-  
 light, quite in contrast to the twilight long  
 ago, when the homeless peasants crouched  
 low over the fires of driftwood, and I saw on  
 one hand the flames from their burning  
 homes, and on the other heard the plashing  
 of the waves against the huge ships that were  
 soon to separate families forever.

Here on the broad beach, it was the good  
 priest, Father Felician, who watched with  
 Evangeline the light fade from the eyes of  
 her father, and who helped to fashion a grave  
 here in the sand that Benedict Bellefontaine  
 might forever rest among those scenes which  
 he had loved so well.

From this point in the story, we left the  
 beautiful land of Acadie and either journeyed  
 with Evangeline and Father Felician in  
 their quest for Gabriel Lajennesse, or, follow-  
 ed Gabriel as he moves restlessly from one  
 place to another, trying to find rest for his  
 burdened heart.

Now Evangeline and her Acadian boat-  
 men glide down the Mississippi:

"Now through rushing chutes, among green islands  
 where, plume-like



Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept  
with the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-  
bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of  
the margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of peli-  
cans waded."

Then they entered the bayou, and I must  
again let Longfellow's description suggest  
the picture to you.

"They, too, swerved from their course; and entering  
the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious  
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every di-  
rection.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs  
of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
Waved like banners that hung on the walls of ancient  
cathedrals."

"Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undula-  
tions

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,  
the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat-  
men.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magno-  
lia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan  
islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming,  
hedges of roses;

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to  
slumber."

It was here, while Evangeline slumbered,  
that Gabriel passed them as he journeyed  
north to the land of the bison and beaver,  
and she found the home of Basil the black-  
smith, only to learn of Gabriel's departure.

Here the magnificent distances of our land  
were shown us, as well as the grandeur of  
scenery, as we followed Evangeline from the  
land of the cypress and cedar to the depths  
of the deepest canyon.

"Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian  
Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the  
army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous  
cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed unremembered."

Then we came with Evangeline to the city  
of "Penn the apostle," and saw the city  
where pestilence had fallen. We watched  
Evangeline, now a Sister of Mercy, as she  
ministered to the sick and dying. No pic-  
ture was needed to portray vividly to each  
one of us the meeting of Evangeline and Ga-  
briel, we could only go to the old burying  
grounds and there look upon the nameless  
graves and think they might be the resting  
places of the lovers.

"Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers  
are sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-  
yard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unno-  
ticed."

As the lecture closed, we were quite con-  
tent to feel that Evangeline's troubles had  
ended in the beautiful Quaker City, where  
the quaint accent of "thee and thou" united  
them in their last sleep.

A. P. H., '93.

### Communication.

EDITOR OF THE ACADEMY HERALD:

Your kind note requesting me to write an  
article for the next issue of the HERALD is re-  
ceived just when I am very busy preparing sev-  
eral cases for jury trial and writing a paper  
book in a case now pending in our State Su-  
preme Court, and yet I feel like snatching a  
few minutes to honor your request, because I  
believe the editorial staff are using their best  
efforts to furnish a paper worthy of the best  
traditions of the Academy, and, again, be-  
cause it affords me an opportunity at the  
opening of the year to at least wish all those  
who may read this article a very happy and  
prosperous year.

I receive the HERALD regularly and enjoy  
it exceedingly. I am sure it compares favor-  
ably with the magazines of other schools of  
a similar grade. My children are both in our  
high school, and I see their magazine and  
also those of other similar institutions from



time to time, and I congratulate you on the most excellent work you are doing.

My student days at the Academy were from 1870 to 1874. This was in the old building, hence we did not at that time have the advantage of either the building or the apparatus which the students now possess.

Prof. Thurlow, who was one of the principals of the school while I attended there, has for twenty years been the principal of our high school here, a close neighbor of mine and my dearest friend in the town. Our constant fellowship, which has never been interrupted for a day, has afforded us an opportunity of recalling many times the happy days spent at Old Gould's. The limit of this article will not permit me to even refer to the names of the members of the class to which I belonged, but I have always counted them as friends, and it has always given me great delight to meet them or to hear of their successes.

The boys and girls with whom I attended school are now in the meridian of life, they are in the thick of the fight, they have been tried, and, if not found wanting, are bearing their share of the world's work and the burden of active life. If the eyes of one of my fellow schoolmates rest on this page, let me remind him that if we are ever to be a power for good in the world, now is the time when we are likely to exercise a greater influence than at any other period of life.

It has given me the keenest pleasure, from time to time, to learn of the good work that is being done by the graduates of Old Gould's, and I have reflected on the causes which have led to such great success. For the benefit of those who have graduated, as well as for those who are still pursuing their studies in school, I wish to say that my belief is, that the sturdy New England character is the basis for the prominence which is given her sons the world over. Without character the best success cannot be attained.

What is character? It is the sum of the inherited and acquired traits which give to a person his moral individuality. It is the distinguishing marks or characteristics of the person, which serve to distinguish him from other persons. Erskine has said that it is the low-spreading influence of opinion, arising from the deportment of a man in society. It will thus be seen that character consists, not in one particular virtue, but is a composition of qualities. It is not built up in a day, although it may be seriously marred by a single act. When we would test the character of a witness in court, we do not ask for specific acts; but the question always is, "What is the man's general reputation for truth and veracity in the community in which he lives?"

I have discovered that it is not always the most brilliant man who is truly successful, and, many times, not the man of broadest culture, but he who has builded on the firm foundation of a good character. It is important for us to recognize that the smallest acts and the momentary deeds enter into the foundation work of character-building, and, therefore, while we should give due weight to bodily exercise and mental training during school life and afterwards, yet we should, at the same time, be cultivating those higher qualities which make up the character which we are unconsciously building from day to day. We should study hard, work hard, and play hard, all through life, for all these elements imply character. We must have positive as well as negative virtues. The simple fact that we do not steal and are not intemperate will not develop character. We must take an active interest in all good work, we must not simply refrain from evil, but do good. The man who has steadfast resolution, is brave and persevering, is sure to build up a character which will win true success; but he must be careful of the temptations about him and the evil tendencies which surround him, and set his face sternly



against all those things which would undermine so easily the good character which he is so diligently building. I have seen many a young man succeed simply because of his dogged persistency and his untiring zeal, and from the fact that he did not know what failure meant. At the same time I have seen the very nerve of effort entirely severed by reason of one defect in character.

I find our Maine boys in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; in the Middle States and in the West and South, forging to the front, and taking a leading part in solving the various problems in the municipalities and States where they reside, as well as in the nation of which they are common members. For all of this, the New England boy has to thank the fathers and mothers, who were men and women of character; the New England school; the New England church; the sacred day; the temperate habits of the people; the equality of the inhabitants; the absence of the very wealthy as well as the very poor; the grand mountains and the pure air, all of which form an atmosphere which has given to the sons and daughters of New England a sturdy character and a persistent ambition which does not know the word fail, but which has caused her sons and daughters to be a force wherever they go. May the present and succeeding generations not only retain, but increase this tendency to a sturdy and well-rounded character.

WESLEY K. WOODBURY.

Pottsville, Pa., Jan. 23, 1902.

### Christmas Thoughts.

AS YULE-TIDE approaches, our thoughts revert to the wise men of old, who, tending their flocks at night, beheld the Star of Bethlehem, which, by its resplendent ray, guided them to the manger of Jesus. When the wise men beheld the child Jesus

they fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." How insignificant were their gifts compared with the gift which Christ brought! Can eternal life be estimated in gold? Can the gift of God be bought with frankincense? Can Divine Love be purchased with myrrh?

Ages have passed; but do we, at Christmas time, when receiving our material gifts and returning thanks, remember to count our spiritual blessings and return our gratitude to God? Oh, the beauty, depth and richness of Christ's ministry! He came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. He changed the whole trend of thought from the material to the spiritual, and said: "God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Ever since the Heavenly Host proclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men," this inspiring refrain has been iterated and reiterated, proclaimed and sustained by the great and good in every age. It has sounded from the mountain-tops, resounded in the valleys, until it "burst o'er all the earth." This message of peace, this gospel of love, has entered innumerable lives to lighten and brighten, amplify and purify them.

"Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother,  
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there:  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

Emerson says, "Hitch your wagon to a star;" but if you will keep the Christ-model before your thought, you will soar above the stars, into the presence of "the One altogether lovely." "In his presence is fulness of joy: at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

H. L. U.

Camden, Me., Dec. 20, 1901.

## Editorials.

SO many editors have "taken pleasure" in presenting their publications, that we leave it for the public to infer that the task of preparing and publishing a school paper is an enjoyable one. Surely those editors who take hold of the work with a determination to do their best cannot fail to derive much benefit from the experience. It is the spirit in which we enter upon any task which determines, largely, its influence upon the doer for good or ill, as well as the measure of success of the undertaking. The humblest duties cheerfully performed are the surest stepping-stones to nobler and more difficult attainments.

AS this is the last number of the HERALD to be issued by the present board of editors, we take the opportunity to thank all who have so kindly aided us by their contributions, as well as those who have contributed to the financial success of the paper by advertising through its columns. Especially would we thank our Principal, but for whose timely suggestions and words of helpful encouragement and commendation, we feel sure our efforts would have resulted in ignominious failure.

THE people of Bethel may well be proud of the work which is being done by Gould's Academy. Within the last few years it has taken long strides forward, until it is acknowledged to be one of the most *thorough* fitting schools in the State. Its graduates find themselves not only qualified to enter upon a college course with pleasure and profit, but have fully demonstrated their ability to maintain a standing among the very first in the race for college honors.

IT has been very difficult in the past to maintain a school paper, owing to the lack of support given it by students and alumni. The number of copies actually sold among the students is surprisingly small, yet we venture to say that every student looks forward with pleasure to the semi-annual visit of the HERALD, and would be sorry, indeed, should its publication cease. Do not, then, be content with buying a *single* copy, or feel that you have done your duty by your school paper when you have *read* a copy, borrowed from some student more loyal than yourself. The paper is the organ of the whole school, and every student should deem it a privilege as well as duty to contribute to its support.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, the same being the former patrons of Gould's Academy, together with all others who wish to become such: Be it known, that, whereas the G. A. Minstrel Show of last year was received with marked favor by the people of Bethel and vicinity, and whereas the Colored Four Hundred have obtained entirely new songs and jokes, they have decided to again favor a Bethel audience with their amusing and entertaining repertoire. During the afternoon a fair will be held, and a supper served at six o'clock, to all of which the public are cordially invited. Come and make us glad, and we will do you good.

EVERY solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning, and these three never converted anyone unless they were kind also.—F. W. Faber.



## School Notes.

A German class has been formed with Mr. Dyer as teacher.

Miss Agnes Greene, a graduate of a high school in Canada, is doing special work at the Academy, preparatory to teaching in the spring.

The date of the Minstrel Show, for which the students are now in training, has been fixed for March 28.

Mr. Field, a former popular assistant at the Academy, visited the school recently. He is now Principal of the Brookline, Mass., Grammar School.

The many friends of Prof. E. H. Pratt, now of the Sanford High School, were glad to see him in Bethel not long ago.

Miss Addie R. Brightman, who for two years has taught elocution at the Academy, was married during the Thanksgiving vacation to Mr. Eugene C. Vandenkerckhoven of Bethel. We are pleased to know that Mrs. Vandenkerckhoven will accept the position left vacant by Miss Brightman, and the students take this opportunity to extend a host of best wishes for future happiness.

The first social of the term occurred Friday evening, Jan. 10, conducted by the young ladies of the basket ball team. The evening was much enjoyed by all present. The very unique and artistic souvenir programs, designed by Miss Edith Hastings especially for this occasion, deserve special mention.

The entertainment by the Bowdoin Glee and Mandolin-Guitar Clubs, given under the auspices of the Academy, met with a very cordial reception, and netted a nice little sum to go toward the maintenance of the Academy Reading Room.

The young ladies played an exhibition game of basket ball in the Gym, Jan. 14.

The officers of the Athletic Association for the term are as follows:

President—Arthur L. Watson.

Vice-President—Earle W. Philbrook.

Secretary—Guy B. Barker.

Treasurer—Gilbert W. Tuell.

Auditor—John L. Dyer.

Rev. Arthur Varley, who for four successive years has preached the baccalaureate sermon for the graduating classes of G. A., has resigned his pastorate in Bethel, and moved to Winslow, Me. His departure is much regretted by the school, and many good wishes will follow him to his new field of labor.

A new secret society, known as the U. B., has been organized among the young ladies of the school, with Miss Williams as guiding star. The officers are:

B.—Agnes Greene.

P. B.—Edith Hastings.

M. G.—Lucie Morse.

I. G.—Ruth King.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 8, five candidates, having been found eligible for membership, were admitted with solemn rites to the secret council. The members of this society will challenge the young men of the M. I. L. to debate in the near future, question to be selected by Prof. Hanscom.

The following students, having maintained the highest rank in declamation for the year, have been chosen to participate in the Prize Speaking to take place Feb. 28:

Bessie Andrews,

Agnes Barton,

Edith Hastings,

Ruth King,

Florence Mercier,

Carrie Wight,

Guy Barker,

Chester Bean,

Everett Brown,

Gotthard Carlson,

Fenwicke Holmes,

Edward Hutchins,

### ALTERNATES:

Emma Morse,

Flora Rollins,

Victor Gehring,

Arthur Watson.

## Senior Class.

Sometimes we feel a little proud  
Because we are so clever,  
But ere the Algebra class is o'er,  
We feel as dull as ever.

Which shall it be, rings or pins?

The Greek class has completed the Iliad, and is reviewing the Anabasis.

Of the twelve speakers, selected to compete in the prize declamations, six were chosen from the Senior class.

Miss Minnie Godwin, who was ill for two weeks with tonsilitis, has returned to school.

Miss Carrie Wight was obliged to be absent a few days on account of the illness and death of her grandfather.

The Seniors will read essays before the school, Feb. 14. The following subjects have been assigned them:

Florence Nightingale,	Angie M. Abbott
Thoughts Suggested by Reading	The Great Stone
Face,	Bessie E. Andrews
John Brown and His Mission,	Guy B. Barker
My Favorite Novelist,	Everett D. Brown
Theodore Roosevelt,	Gotthard W. Carlson
Trifles,	Grace M. Chapman
A Story of Indian Captivity,	Minnie M. Godwin
How Does Travel Educate?	Fenwicke L. Holmes
Can the U. S. Withdraw with Honor from the Philippines?	Jerome C. Holmes
A New England Village,	Emma P. Morse
The Athenian Acropolis,	Maud L. Russell
The Almighty Dollar,	Alton Richardson
The American Flag,	Gilbert W. Tuell
The Legend of Troy,	Mildred Tuell
The New York Chamber of Commerce,	Arthur L. Watson
England's Greatest Queen,	Carrie M. Wight

Class parts have been assigned as follows:

Valedictory—Carrie M. Wight.  
Salutatory—Jerome C. Holmes.  
Oration—Guy B. Barker.  
Class Ode—Mildred Tuell.  
Class History—Bessie E. Andrews.  
Class Prophecy—Alton Richardson.  
Presentation of Gifts—Everett D. Brown.  
Class Will—Gilbert W. Tuell.

Of the remaining members of the class, three will be selected to deliver essays at commencement.

## Junior Class.

How our dignity arises,  
As we reach our Junior year,  
For we'll show the other classes  
That we know how to appear.

The Junior Geometry class wish to inform the Seniors that they would be glad to assist them at any time in preparing their originals, or in explaining anything in the book which is not perfectly understood.

The absence of Cleve Bartlett, Edward Stanley, and Luther Holmes is much regretted by their class-mates. It is hoped all will resume their studies in the spring.

Miss Lorna Littlehale has returned to school after an absence of several weeks on account of sickness.

Miss Fonti Manning, who was obliged to leave school one year ago, on account of poor health, has returned and entered the Junior class.

At the School Fair, March 28, the Junior class will have charge of a table devoted exclusively to domestic articles. It is hoped the friends of this class will give this table a liberal share of their patronage.

## Sophomore Class.

We know this is a world of strife,  
We knew it from the first,  
But of all the trials that bother our life  
Algebra is the worst.

Lindall Blanchard spent Christmas week at his home in Boston.

The Sophomores regret that Blanche Russell and Cheslie Saunders are obliged to be absent during the winter term.

Miss Maud Goud of Milan, N. H. entered the class at the opening of the term, and has already shown herself a valuable addition to the class.



**Freshman Class.**

We are happy, young and gay,  
And we do not feel beneath,  
For we'll leave dear old G. A.  
Ere we cut our wisdom teeth.

New scholars entering the Freshman class  
this term:

Leroy Bragg,  
Edward Hutchins,

Errol, N. H.  
Bethel, Me.

Arthur Andrews has been obliged to leave  
school on account of poor health.

Blanche Swan, Mildred Shaw, and Galen  
Carter, who attended the Academy a part of  
last year, are again enrolled as students.

Edith Farwell made us a pleasant call re-  
cently. She will resume her studies at the  
Academy in the spring.

**Alumni et Alumnae.**

Joseph W. Ballard, the oldest living alum-  
nus of Gould's Academy, resides at Argyle,  
Maine. He is enjoying good health at the  
advanced age of 93 years.

Lafayette F. Grover, '36, Ex-Gov. of Ore-  
gon, now resides at Portland, O.

Ex-Gov. Sidney Perham, one of the older  
alumni, spent the past summer at his old  
home, Paris, Me.

Cullen C. Chapman, '41, is President of  
Chapman National Bank, Portland, Me.

Liberty E. Holden, '54, is editor and pro-  
prietor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, Cleve-  
land, Ohio.

Melville C. Day, '54, New York City, has  
spent much of his time for several years in  
travel.

Captain R. B. Grover, '55, Brockton,  
Mass., manufacturer of the celebrated Emer-  
son shoe, was recently elected to the Board  
of Trustees of Gould's Academy.

Henry L. Chapman, '56, is Professor of  
Literature at Bowdoin College.

Dr. Solon Bartlett, G. A. '58, is practicing  
medicine in Lowell, Mass.

Eli M. Wight, '59, is Mayor of Chatanoo-  
ga, Tenn.

Marshall W. Davis, '70, is a teacher in the  
Roxbury Latin School, Boston.

Nellie M. Edwards, '71, now Mrs. Phipps,  
is Supt. of Schools, Milan, N. H.

W. P. Hammons, '84, is department editor  
of a large daily paper in Seattle, Wash.

Rev. Nahum Grover, '54, resides in Dor-  
chester, Mass.

Dr. C. C. Barker, a former student, recent-  
ly died at Meriden, Conn.

Nora Daggett, '74, is the wife of Rev. T.  
F. Maxim, Limington, Me.

Frank Russell, '74, is a successful lawyer  
in Somersworth, N. H.

J. Hastings Bean, '70, is Register of Deeds  
for Oxford county.

Albert Widber, '82, is employed as a book-  
keeper in Kansas City, Mo.

Rev. Geo. M. Bodge, a former principal,  
resides at East Boston.

Rev. A. K. Bryant, a student in '79, is  
now residing in Sanford, Maine.

Edgar Widber, '83, is a practicing physi-  
cian in Lake Village, Vt.



Roscoe Clark and Lillian Kimball, both former students, were married last November and now reside at Saco, Me.

Miss Abbie Adams, a student in '92, who married Walter Chandler, '94, recently died at her home in Norway.

Mr. Albert Burbank, a student in the forties, is a member of the firm of Burbank & Douglass, Portland.

W. W. Kilgore, G. A. '77, Bowdoin '81, is now principal of a high school at Willmar, Minn.

Miss Grace Ames, '87, who gave us an interesting sketch of her travels abroad in our last issue, is teaching in New York City.

Herbert Carter has for some time resided in Framingham, Mass., but he is now at his old home in Bethel.

Misses Grace and Fannie Carter are at Northampton, Mass.

Herbert Twitchell, who married Miss Alice Gould, also a student of G. A., is a popular physician in Portland.

Miss Ellen Douglas recently closed a successful year's work as teacher in the primary school at Upton, Me.

Ralph Greenlaw, '93, is employed in the Census Department at Washington, D. C.

Frank I. Brown, a former Bethel boy and student of G. A., is a physician with a large practice at South Portland.

Albert G. Eames, '93, was recently married and resides at Methuen, Mass.

Misses Eva Twaddle and Ethel Richardson are teaching in the village school at Bethel.

Howard Wiley, '95, is clerk in his father's drug store at Bethel.

Geo. F. Russell and wife, *nee* Ada Peaslee, both students in '77, reside at Haverhill, Mass.

Arthur Wiley, '91, is attending the Bowdoin Medical School.

Mary Hastings, '70, now Mrs. Howe, resides at Waltham, Mass.

Prof. A. D. Hall, a former teacher of G. A., is principal of a boys' school at Minneapolis, Minn.

Maenette B. Littlehale, a student in '90, is a very popular teacher in the town of Newry.

Carrie Hastings, who for some time has had employment as a stenographer in Portland, is spending the winter in Washington, D. C.

Miss Jane Gibson, '87, has taught the Bethel Grammar School during the past year.

Miss Edith Grover is employed as a stenographer in Portland.

Albert C. Eames, '94, Bowdoin '98, is principal of Potter Academy, Sebago, Me.

Barton Smith has recently closed a year's work in the Upton Grammar School.

Mabel Shaw, '99, is teaching in Poland.

Mr. Elhanan Bartlett, a former student, recently died at Jett, Oklahoma.

The Misses Vivian and Beatrice Kelliher, both members of the class of '99, reside at Ellsworth. The former has learned the milliner's trade and has a position in a large department store, while the latter is a popular teacher in Ellsworth.

Miss Ethel Eames, formerly a member of the class of 1900, was employed during the summer in the Industrial School at Lancaster, Mass., but is now at her home in Bethel. Miss Ella Eames, now Mrs. Walter Emery, also resides in Bethel.



Mr. Frank Bartlett is a wealthy mine owner in Colorado.

Mr. S. A. Wheeler, who married Abbie Wight, resides at Waltham, Mass. Both were students in 1870.

Archer Grover, '94, has a position as physical instructor in the University of Maine.

Miss Genie Littlehale, a student in 1890, is married and resides at Berlin, N. H.

Merritt Gay, '00, is teaching at Casco.

Edwin Gehring, '94, is a student at the Bowdoin Medical School.

Irving Clark has employment in New York.

Miss Ruby Clark is a teacher in the Bethel village school.

Arthur C. Johnson, assistant principal in 1900, is principal of the High School at Littleton, Mass.

Miss Elsie Weitz, after spending a few weeks in Bethel, has returned to her home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Lilian Brown, after leaving G. A., taught school for some time and later fitted herself for a nurse in the Maine General Hospital.

Irving Kimball, '96, is employed in a studio in Roxbury, Mass.

Gerry Brooks, '98, is employed scaling logs at Cupsuptic, N. H.

Florence E. Carter, '99, is teaching in a school for the deaf in Philadelphia.

Ruby Smith, '99, recently closed the year's school at East Bethel.

George French, '99, has a position in the office of the Maine Farmer at Augusta.

Daisy Dixon, '00, is employed at the News office, Bethel.

Belle Purington, '01, is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. John V. Holt, at Andover, Mass.

Ethel Sanborn, '01, has recently recovered from a serious illness.

Ethel Farwell, '01, who has been confined to the house several weeks, is again able to be out.

Adelia V. Morse, '01, is at her home in Upton.

Effie J. Thurston, '01, is at her home in Newry, having completed a course in Bliss Business College, Lewiston.

### Gould's Academy Alumni Association.

The first annual banquet of the Gould's Academy Alumni Association was held in the dining-room of Garland Chapel on Friday of commencement week, 1901. A goodly number of the alumni from Bethel and vicinity were present, and quite a number from a distance availed themselves of the opportunity to revive old memories and renew old associations.

A bountiful repast was served, followed by after dinner speeches. H. H. Hastings, Esq., President of the Association, acted as toastmaster, and filled the position with dignity and ease. Toasts were fittingly responded to by Judge A. E. Herrick and Charles Mason, Esq., for the trustees, Prin. F. E. Hanscom for the school, Mrs. O. M. Mason, Archer Grover and several others from the former students.

The secretary's report showed an increase of nearly fifty in the membership during the



week. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Henry H. Hastings.

Vice-President—Arthur G. Wiley.

Secretary—Annie M. Frye.

Treasurer—John M. Philbrook.

Ex. Com.—  
           { Archer Grover,  
           { Fred B. Merrill,  
           { Joan Stearns.

The second annual banquet of the association will be held on Friday, June 6, 1902. It is safe to predict that all who attended the first banquet will make an extra effort to be present this year, and it is hoped the number will be largely increased. All who still cherish a love for "Old Gould's" should become members of this association, thereby keeping in communication with old friends and in touch with their Alma Mater.

Extracts from the Constitution and By-Laws are here reprinted for the benefit of those who have not already seen them:

#### CONSTITUTION.

*Name.* This organization shall be known as the Gould's Academy Alumni Association.

*Object.* The object of this association shall be to unite the graduates of Gould's Academy into a fraternal body; to foster their friendship for each other, their acquaintance with the undergraduates, and their knowledge of the school; and, finally, to advance the interests, promote the welfare, increase the efficiency, and uphold the honor of Gould's Academy, their Alma Mater.

*Membership.* SEC. 1. The regular members of this Association shall consist of those who attended the school previous to the year 1885 and those who have graduated since.

SEC. 2. Any one who has attended school at Gould's Academy since 1885, but who has not completed a regular course, may, upon a two-thirds vote of all the members present at any regular meeting, become an associate member of this association, and shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges of this association, except holding office.

SEC. 3. All Trustees and Instructors may become associate members with all the rights and privileges of the association.

#### BY-LAWS.

*Officers.* The officers of this association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of three.

*Meetings.* This association shall meet annually on Friday of Commencement week of the Academy, and special meetings may be called by the President.

*Election of Officers.* The officers shall be nominated and then chosen by ballot at the regular annual meeting, and a majority of ballots shall elect. Officers shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected.

*Dues.* The annual dues shall be fifty cents for active and associate members.

*Amendments.* These By-Laws shall not be altered or amended except by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting.

Those wishing to join the Association should address the secretary, Miss Annie M. Frye, Bethel, Maine.

### "As Ye Would."

If I should see

A brother languishing in sore distress,  
 And I should turn and leave him comfortless,  
       When I might be  
 A messenger of hope and happiness—  
 How could I ask to have what I denied  
 In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share

A brother's load along the dusty way,  
 And I should turn and walk alone that day—  
       How could I dare,  
 When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,  
 To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,  
 If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing

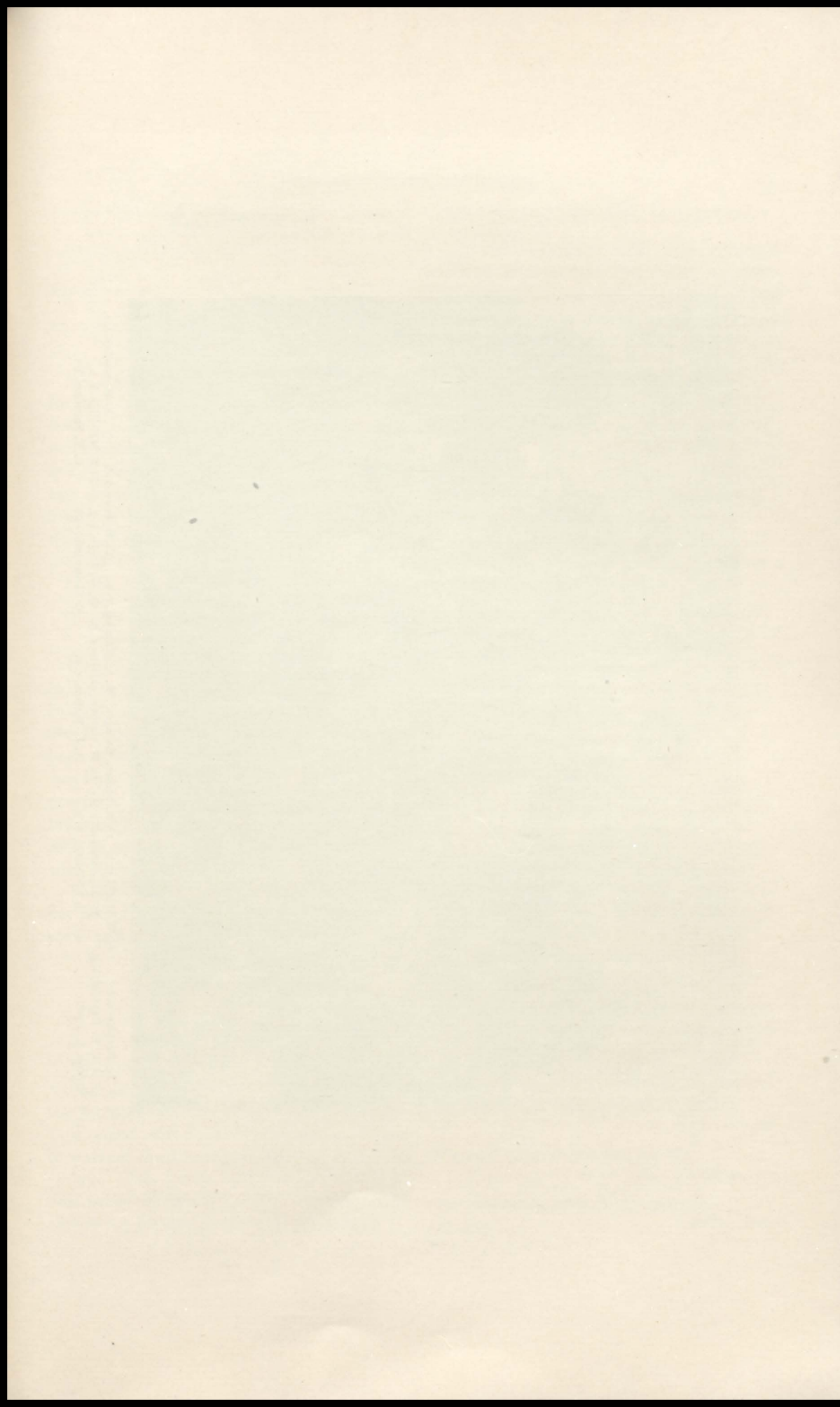
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,  
 And I could seal my lips and sit apart,  
       When I might bring  
 A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—  
 How could I hope to have my grief relieved  
 If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know

That day is lost wherein I fail to lend  
 A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;  
       But if it show  
 A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,  
 Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,  
 And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

—Selected.







W. B. Twaddle, q. b.    G. W. Tuell, q. b.    G. B. Barker, Manager.    R. L. Manning, r. e.    C. H. Bean, sub.    E. R. Stanley, l. e.  
 C. O. Hayford, l. g.    W. H. Thurston, r. g.    G. W. Carlson, captain, f. b.    G. W. Davis, l. g.    F. B. Merrill, r. h. b.  
 L. S. Holmes, c., absent.    J. L. Dyer, l. h. b.    A. L. Watson, r. t.    A. Richardson, sub.    C. F. Saunders, l. t.



## Athletics.

### Foot-Ball.

We are happy to present to the readers of the HERALD a picture of the G. A foot-ball team. It will be remembered that this team was scored on but once during the entire season, and that by the heavy Hebron Academy team. The school should be, and is, proud of the record made by its foot-ball team for 1901.

### Basket-Ball.

Much interest is manifested by the young ladies in basket ball, and regular practice is carried on in the gymnasium under the chaperonage of Miss Williams. A game has been arranged to be played with the Hebron Academy team, and there are other games in prospect. Those who have watched the practice predict that the first team will be able to make a good showing in contests with teams from other schools.

The boys play basket-ball more or less, but no systematic practice has been taken by them and no regular team organized.

### In The Gym.

The work in the gymnasium is being carried on much the same as last year, under the direction of Mr. Merrill and Mr. Dyer. It is hoped sufficient interest will be shown to warrant the holding of a field meet in the spring. This could easily be made an annual event of much interest to the school and of much value to those participating.

### Base-Ball.

It is yet somewhat early to forecast the base-ball outlook for the coming season. That there is good material in the school cannot be doubted, but whether this material is made of the right stuff to do the hard, persistent practice necessary to make a winning team, remains to be demonstrated.

Guy B. Barker has been elected manager, and is arranging a schedule of games for the season. It is hoped the boys will come out for practice in the spring with a firm determination to maintain the excellent standard established by the team of 1901.

## Quotations Applied.

All's well that ends well.

Examinations.

Mindful not of herself.

Emma Morse.

Man delighteth not me.

Angie Abbott.

He bears an honorable mind.

Jerome Holmes.

Let mildness ever attend thy tongue.

Fonti Manning.

Though he was rough he was kindly.

Everett Brown.

A good example is the best sermon.

Mr. Hanscom

How poor are they that have not patience!

Alton Richardson

I love to lose myself in other men's minds.

Victor Gehring

Silence in woman is like speech in man.

Lyle Blanchard

Just because she made dem goo-goo eyes.

Helen Bisbee

## THE ACADEMY HERALD.

I should think your tongue had broken its chain.

Bessie Stanley

The most certain consolation against all that can  
happen is always to expect the worst.

Students in Beginners' French

Where you can not climb over you must creep under.

Florence Mercier

I have found you an argument, I am not obliged  
to find you an understanding.

Perry Bean

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

Charles Hayford

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Albert Brown

I never could find a good reason  
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,  
And all the bright joys of life's season  
Be driven unheeded away.

Harry Purington

A woman's counsel is not worth much, but he that despises it is a fool.

Carrie Wight

A silent man's words are not brought into court.

Clyde Whitman

All who pass through the door of success will find it labeled, "Push."

Latin Classes

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.

Arithmetic Class

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Fenwicke Holmes

I never dare to act  
As funny as I can.

Eddie Hutchins

All things I thought I knew, but now confess  
The more I know I know, I know the less.

Ordell Bryant

He that complies against his will  
Is of the same opinion still.

Widd Twaddle

True friends, like ivy and the wall  
Both stand together or together fall.

Miss Barton, Miss Brooks

Do what conscience says is right;  
Do what reason says is best;  
Do with willing mind and heart;  
Do your duty and be blest.

Miss Williams

Learning by study must be won;  
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.

Lindall Blanchard

Speech is silver, but silence is gold,  
Then tell not all the secrets told.

Celia Estes

I have oft heard people say,  
O, wad some power the giftie gie us  
(Quoting from an old Scotch lay)  
To see ourselves as other see us.  
But I would far more happy be,  
If some fair witch or elf  
Would make the other people see  
Me just as I see myself.

Guess Who.

So even ran his life  
The neighbors thought it odd.

Gale Carter

If ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it.

Rita Twitchell

There's always a river to cross,  
Always an effort to make,  
If there's anything good to win,  
Any rich prize to take;  
Yonder the fruit we crave,  
Yonder the parting scene;  
But deep and wide with a troubled tide,  
Is the river that lies between.

Seekers after Knowledge.

Let me silent be;  
For silence is the speech of love,  
The music of the spheres above.

Ada Richardson



# STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF 1902.

NAME.	KNOWN AS	AGE.	W.FIGHT.	HEIGHT.	SIZE SHOE.	FAVORITE DISH.	DISPOSITION.	BY-WORD.
Bessie Andrews,	Bess,	16	125 lbs.	5 ft. 7 in.	4½	Dish Pan,	Genial,	By Chowders!
Angie Abbott,	Ang,	17	125 lbs.	5 ft. 5 in.	4	Potatoes,	Normal,	Unknown!
Maud Russell,	Maud,	18	125 lbs.	5 ft. 2 3-7 in.	3½	Wash Dish,	Peaceful,	Goodness!
Emma Morse,	Emma,	22	132 lbs.	5 ft. 7 in.	5	Bread and Butter,	Angelic,	Sake Alive!
Minnie Godwin,	Minnie,	19	132 lbs.	5 ft. 6 in.	5	Hot Rolls,	Sunny,	Jiminy Squarefoot!
Grace Chapman,	Gay,	18	110 lbs.	5 ft. 4 in.	4½	Angel Cake,	Cranky,	Gosh!
Carrie Wight,	Carrie,	17	134 lbs.	5 ft. 5½ in.	4	A Variety,	Incomparable,	Lordy!
Mildred Tuell,	Madam Got-him-tight,	18	1598 oz.	5 ft. 3½ in.	3½	Oyster Stew,	Sublime,	Jemimy!
Fenwicke Holmes,	Whee,	18	127 lbs.	5 ft. 7 in.	5	Greens,	Indescribable,	Thunder!
Gotthard Carlson,	Gotthard,	—	150 lbs.	5 ft. 10½ in.	7½	Punch,	Stubborn,	Great Guns!
Arthur Watson,	Theodore,	19	169 lbs.	5 ft. 8½ in.	8	Fullest One,	Retiring,	Confound it!
Gilbert Tuell,	George Henry,	17	138 lbs.	5 ft. 8 in.	6	Baked Beans,	Salubrious,	O Shoot!
Guy Barker,	Fump,	17	140 lbs.	5 ft. 11 in.	7	Scrambled Eggs,	Mild,	Shakespearean Quotations!
Everett Brown,	Dana,	18	135 lbs.	5 ft. 3 in.	6	Anything,	Questionable,	Same as Barker's!
Jerome Holmes,	Romeo,	16	139 lbs.	5 ft. 7 in.	5½	Sauce Dish,	Even,	Heavens to Betsey!
Alton Richardson,	Reddy,	19	141 lbs.	5 ft. 6½ in.	5	Pickled Limes,	Jovial,	Too Numerous to Mention!

NAME.	FAVORITE STUDY.	POLITICS.	ASPIRES TO BE A	FAVORITE SONG.
Bessie Andrews,	French,	Republican,	Farmer's Wife,	"My Old New Hampshire Home."
Angie Abbott,	Psychology,	Prohibition,	Minister's Wife,	"John Brown's Body."
Maud Russell,	History,	Woman's Rights,	Housekeeper,	"Just as the Sun Went Down."
Emma Morse,	Human Nature,	Republican,	Nurse,	"Blue Bells of Scotland."
Minnie Godwin,	Boys,	Ask Papa,	Actress,	"Coon, Coon, Coon."
Grace Chapman,	Nihil,	None,	Singest,	"Home, Sweet Home."
Carrie Wight,	Anything,	Republican,	Latin Teacher,	"Abide With Me."
Mildred Tuell,	Literature,	On the Fence,	Latin,	"Just One Boy."
Fenwicke Holmes,	Algebra,	Mugwump,	Orator,	"Dolly Gray."
Gotthard Carlson,	Mathematics,	Whig,	Foot Ball Player,	"Just One Girl."
Arthur Watson,	Hasn't any,	Unknown,	Farmer,	"Sweet Bessie, the Maid of Dundee."
Gilbert Tuell,	Virgil,	Republican,	Lawyer,	"Same as Carlson's."
Guy Barker,	Geometry,	Republican,	Judge,	"We Won't Go Home Till Morning."
Everett Brown,	Algebra,	Democrat,	Cowboy,	"You're Just a Little Too Small."
Jerome Holmes,	Greek,	Republican,	Minister,	"I've Got a Girl for Every Day in the Week."
Alton Richardson,	Mischief,	Republican,	Talker,	"Honey, Does You Love Your Man?"



## Grains of Wisdom.

[Gleaned by the wayside.]

### School-Life.

School-life is centered in a little world of its own work and thought; and is like an arsenal built of books, within the enclosure of which we are making the armor that is to protect us in the battle of life, the weapons with which we fight. We equip ourselves according to our own wisdom or lack of it; if we do not obtain the best material provided us, we go forth into the world unable to cope with the foes of the field, and failure threatens. Then comes regret, and regret becomes reproach, when, once outside, we see the multitude of eager searchers for knowledge, anxious only to have a chance to use advantages which we have thrown away.

### Opportunity.

One day a youth thus addressed a statue endowed with power of speech:

"What is thy name, O Statue?"

"I am called *Opportunity*."

"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"

"To show that I stand but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"And why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that, when I have once passed, I can not be caught."

Let us remember that opportunities come to us. They are ours but for a moment. When they have passed, they have gone forever. Are *you* making the most of your opportunities?

### A Word to the Boys.

If you have anything to do, do it at once. If you have a lesson to learn, learn it. Don't

sit down and lose three-quarters of an hour in dreading the job. It will seem ten times harder than it did at first. Keep this motto: Be on time. Habit is everything. The boy who is behind time at school will make a man who will be behind time in business, and sure to get "left" in the important affairs of life. If you have a habit of dreading and putting off things, brace up and cure yourself. Make up your mind that you will have some back-bone. Don't be a jelly-fish kind of a person. Life will be just about what you make it. The first thing is to decide what you are going to make it; the next is to take off your coat and go to work. Make yourself necessary somewhere. There are thousands of boys and young men who wouldn't be missed if they should drop out of it to-morrow. Don't be one of this sort. Be a power in your own little world, and then, depend upon it, the big world will hear from you. Begin by making your influence felt in your school. If you cannot stand at the head of your class, you can *always* set an example of punctuality, correct deportment and studiousness. Thus you can just as surely help to raise the standard of your school, and prepare yourself to enter upon life with a foundation of good habits and correct ideals.

### A Liberal Education.

A great deal is being said and written in regard to a "practical education." The phrase, I think, a misleading one, and many of our leading educators are continually combating the idea that education should lead to a definite end on which the finger can be put. Of course it is easy to say why a boy should study arithmetic and geography, but not so easy to say why algebra and Latin should be added to his acquirements. The proper function of education—whether it be that of an academy or college—is, I believe, (in the happy phrase of Professor Sill) "to evolve, not to equip." The boy who thinks better because of his algebra



problems, who reasons better because of his grapple with Latin sentences, and who judges art and literature more clearly because of his study of English poetry, may not, at the very outset, be able to earn more for a day's work than the boy who has studied only those subjects which he is to use, but I believe that, in the long run, the "liberal education," using the phrase in its old-fashioned sense, achieves the greater results—I would say to every student, Aim to obtain the broadest and most liberal education within the limit of your opportunities. I have no word for you that seems to me of more importance than this.

## Under the School Clock.

U. B.

Exams.

Basket Ball.

Coon! Coon!! Coon!!!

Fenwicke, don't say "whee"!

"Good-morning, Carrie."

A new theorem in Geometry.—The inscribed angle of a triangle is measured by half the intercepted arc.

Reading in Literature class.—Her misdeeds were borne voraciously (vicariously) by her father.

Yes, boys you might as well have given up searching for that basket-ball, first as last. It was ever in Wil(e)y hands.

"Hitch your horse before the shafts and then say 'Gee!' If he does not move, ask Pump the reason why."

Junior Literature Class—Miss W.—Who are the characters of this scene?

Miss B.—absent-mindedly(?) Thunder and lightning!

Did you know

That a kindergarten department has been organized in the Senior Literature class?

That Miss Williams sometimes has picture books with her for that same department?

That Church St. is a favorite resort for several of the Junior boys?

That G. A. has always been renowned for the small feet which patter up and down the stairs: especially at the time of the last social?

Rhetoric teacher—Give the class of barbarisms.

Prompt reply—Indians.

The insignificance of those Latin verbs!

Brooks—(translating) Cato bonus fuit. "Cato, good Cato."

WANTED:—

By the Senior class, a contribution of brains, warranted to stand the test of Algebra.

Some trusty person to exercise the M. I. L. goat regularly, in order that (when borrowed by the U. B's) he may be less unruly.

Some one to instruct Mr. D--- in the construction of a q.

The Senior boys to know that they have no mortgage on those back seats.

A new Latin rule—The object of an indirect action is put in the dative.

One of the Senior girls thinks she could write a theme on John Brown's Body or some similar subject.



## Exchanges.

The following is the list of exchanges we have received since our last publication :

The Norm, Presque Isle, Me. ; Bridge Academy Items, Dresden Mills, Me. ; The M. C. I., Pittsfield, Me. ; The School Record, Newburyport, Mass. ; The Olio, Orono, Me. ; The Good Will Record, East Fairfield, Me. ; Colby Echo, Waterville, Me. ; The Breccia, Portland, Me. ; The Oracle, Bangor, Me. ; The Newton High School Review, Newton, Mass. ; E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Me. ; The High School Register, Burlington, Vt. ; The Tripod, Saco, Me. ; The Greylock Echo, Adams, Mass. ; The Rayen Record, Youngstown, O. ; The Chronicle, So. Paris, Me. ; The Bates Student, Lewiston, Me. ; The Spray, Rumford Falls, Me. ; The Mirror, Indianapolis, Indiana ; The Leavitt Angelus, Turner Centre, Me. ; The Bouncer, Madison, Me. ; Boston University Notes, Boston, Mass. ; The Quill, Sanford, Me.

We are glad to add several new exchanges to the list of our last issue, though sorry not to have received some of our old and regular visitors.

We can record but two college papers which are found on our exchange table, but we welcome them with interest and appreciation.

Special mention should be made of the artistic covers of several exchanges, among which, especially attractive, are those of the Rayen Record, The Tripod, The High School Register, The E. L. H. S. Oracle, and The Greylock Echo.

We wish to compliment The High School Register upon the general merit of the paper.

An excellent exchange column in The Mirror, also in The Leavitt Angelus.

The illustrated designs in The Oracle, Bangor, Me., are especially fine.

Anachronism in The Mirror.

The articles, "The Old Scout's Story" and "Studio 23" in E. L. H. S. Oracle are very well written.

The Newton High School Review deserves mention in that it contains two very good articles upon Theodore Roosevelt, also a portrait of our President.

Lives of students all remind us  
We should pay no heed to looks ;  
But on passing leave behind us  
Inter-linings in our books —  
Inter-linings which another,  
Toiling hard midst grief and pain,  
Some forlorn and flunked-out fellow,  
Reading, ne'er shall flunk again.

—Ex.

## Communication.

"A little word at random sent"—

During my first term at Gould's Academy, an incident occurred which is indelibly stamped upon my memory. A kind word from a kind heart was the stencil.

The author of this was Mr. Hiram Young, whom the pupils of those days will remember well. I was comparatively a stranger, notwithstanding having always lived within a few miles of Bethel village. My leaving home to attend the Academy, I recall as a great event, and the pleasures of my new school-life were more or less interrupted by homesickness. I felt like a stranger in a strange land. It so happened that I was ill for several days, and when I was able to re-



turn to my studies, my physician gave me a tonic and requested me to add alcohol enough to the solution to preserve it, which, of course, I thought must be done because the doctor said so. But alas! my purse was empty, and to run in debt was a disgrace. My weekly allowance had been expended for things needed, and I should have no more until my father came after me at the end of the week. I thought seriously of running the risk of going without the tonic, but after a little, I decided to go to Mr. Young (who then held the office of town agent) and state my case, which I very meekly did. How well I remember the kindly look he gave me as he took the vial from my hand and poured into it what he thought was needful! He gave it back and said, "There, little girl, you are quite welcome to that." I said, "Thanks," and I am sure I looked grateful, for I felt so. As I passed out, I heard him remark to a gentleman who was there, "I would trust that girl anytime." The kind favor and the added compliment made a lasting impression upon my young heart. I thought of it over and over again, and thought how important it was that I should strive to be worthy of his esteem. I dare say it passed quickly from his mind, but it was a lasting stimulus to me. I believe my desire for right-living was quickened from that time.

Kind words cost only the saying, but the course of many a life has been changed by a single sentence. Dr. J. G. Holland says, "It is the mark of a noble nature to be quick to recognize that which is praiseworthy in others."

A. W., '70.

"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he  
Who finds himself loses his misery."

—Matthew Arnold.

"They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three."

—  
"God give us men. A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:  
Men whom the lust of office does not fill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will:  
Men who have honor,—men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty, and in private thinking."

—  
"What constitutes a state?  
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
No: men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—  
Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain."

—  
I like the man who faces what he must  
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,  
His plans work out for mortals. Not a tear  
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
Falls from his grasp. Better with love a crust  
Than living in dishonor; envies not,  
Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,  
Nor ever murmurs at his humble lot,  
But with a smile and words of hope gives zest  
To every toiler. He alone is great  
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

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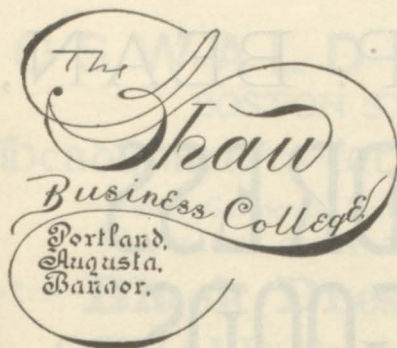
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